A Thorough Fucking

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A Thorough Fucking

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 21: Bukkake.

Hannibal gets gangbanged, and Will directs the action.

Notes

Aaand finally back to Kinktober! Just some pure filthy PWP.

See the end of the work for more notes

“How are you feeling?”

Hannibal’s shoulders were stiff, but they relaxed slightly as Will gave them a light rub, and he let out a long breath. “Well-prepared, though aware of being outside my comfort zone.”

“You know you can let me know at any time if you need to stop. And if any of them get too rough with you, I’ll break their arms.”

Hannibal smiled. “I appreciate your vehemence, Will. But I’m not concerned about any degree of roughness.”

“I know.” He ran his fingers through Hannibal’s hair. “It’s the humiliation that you’re not sure about.”

Hannibal nodded. “Discomfiting, in a way. Though therein also lies the appeal.”

“Just remember, your humiliation isn’t for their benefit. It’s for mine.” He cupped Hannibal’s chin and pressed an indent into his lower lip with his thumb. “I want to see you debasing yourself, letting yourself be used and ruined, just to please me.”

Hannibal exhaled, a light flush coloring his cheeks. “And I want to do that for you.”

“Mm.” Will smiled. “Doesn’t hurt that it gives you an excuse to indulge your inner cockslut, does it?”

“A fortunate coincidence.” Hannibal’s voice was calm, but Will saw the way his eyes sharpened at the word. Not aggressive, but self-aware. Eyeing his own responsiveness. His interest in indulging his sexual proclivities came as a surprise to neither of them, but his receptivity to such terms for himself was a more recent occurrence. Recent enough, at least, that they still carried a pleasing weight to them, rather than being easily glossed over.

Will ran his fingers over the collar that lay around Hannibal’s neck. It was symbolic, rather than functional—an elegant metal loop. Though Hannibal would sometimes wear a more substantial collar for Will, the thought of anyone else touching it was abhorrent, and they thought it better not to tempt their guests. This collar was engraved with Will’s initials, and it would serve as a simple reminder that even though he was sharing him tonight, Hannibal belonged to Will through and through.

“Ready?” Will asked.

Hannibal nodded, and Will gestured for him to enter the sitting room, where a group of six men had gathered with varying degrees of comfort. Believing it would make more of an impression on him to include people who had already met him with his usual formal facade, Hannibal had invited those from his vast social circles who he believed would be "sufficiently open-minded" to be interested in participating. And after plenty of questions, blood panels, and an annoying amount of fidgety details, they were finally ready for the payoff.

Will had met their guests when they arrived, and although he remembered seeing a few of them briefly during opera intermissions or exhibition openings, he barely remembered their names. But that was fine with him. Hannibal was the main event, and everyone else merely played their role as props.

Hannibal wore nothing besides the collar, and everyone's eyes raked appreciatively over his body as soon as he entered the room, having never before seen him outside of a three-piece suit. Will could sense his pleasure in the positive attention, his posture still proud.

Will scanned the room. "Now, if everyone's ready… Hannibal, why don't you show our guests what they've come for?"

Hannibal nodded and walked forward to stand in the middle of the room. He turned to face Will, who raised an eyebrow and said, "Go on. Bend over and spread."

Hannibal's face was already lightly flushed as he obeyed. A man with a well-trimmed dark beard was the first to approach him, face splitting into a smile as he eyed the glass-stoppered plug that protruded from his ass. "Well, would you look at that. I never knew he had it in him." He reached out and ran a hand over his backside, landing his thumb on the plug and looking up at Will quickly, as if confirming this was all still okay with him.

Will nodded shortly. Although he would admit to feeling a degree of possessiveness at the sight, he knew what he wanted. And as Hannibal's eyes met his, an unfamiliar emotion coloring his arousal, he was eager to see even more. "Feel free to fuck him with the plug—he's yours to use as you want, within the parameters we've set. And Hannibal's eager to get started—aren't you, pet?"

Hannibal nodded, and said, "Yes, sir." Will didn't require that formality of him today, but it still made him swell with pride to hear those words from Hannibal's mouth. A pleasant affirmation of the dynamic that they had somewhat unexpectedly fallen into.

Hannibal kept himself spread as the man tugged at the toy, working it halfway out before pressing it back in and watching Hannibal's hole swallow it up. He looked mesmerized, and Hannibal was not unaffected as the toy rotated inside him, teasing new angles and rubbing over his slick rim. Everyone's eyes were on him, and Will was sure that even if they didn't see the slight tremor of his thighs, they would see the movement of his lips as he quietly gasped. But it was still subtle. Will wanted much more.

"Someone else should take his mouth," he said. "Make sure none of his holes are left unfilled."

Another man moved forward, this one blond. Hannibal opened his mouth as soon as he was presented with a cock, and bent lower and somewhat awkwardly to take it in. The man held him by the hair when it seemed he was going to lose balance, but Hannibal made no noise of protest. An obscene slurping quickly filled the room, and Will was getting hard just watching him. The bearded man set the plug aside and pulled out his cock, sliding into Hannibal with a moan.

"Damn, still nice and tight," he grunted. "Bet it won't be for much longer."

Hannibal was a delicious sight—stuffed on both ends and rocking back and forth with the motion as he was fucked. His lids lowered in satisfaction even as his lips stretched taut over a cock. The other guests approached, getting a closer look. One man dragged one of Hannibal's hands to his cock, encouraging him to jerk it off. Hannibal did so, though he fumbled in what must have been a disorienting position. Another joined the man at his mouth, and Will circled in for a better angle, watching with fascination as Hannibal attempted to swallow two cocks at once. His lips stretched obscenely and they were slick with spit. He failed to contain them both, and one or the other frequently slipped across his cheek, dampening it with spit and precum.

Will watched for a while in silence, captivated by the scene, before announcing: "Remember the rules. Try to hold back as long as you can so he gets a thorough fucking, but if you have to, only come on him, not in him. Switch out in a minute to give everyone a turn."

The bearded man must have gotten overexcited, because as soon as his turn was up he pulled out and coated the small of Hannibal's back in cum, but the others switched out, jerking themselves slowly while they waited for their turn again. Hannibal let out a low groan as someone new entered him from behind, but the noise was quickly cut off as another filled his mouth, pressing deep until he gagged. Drool dripped out the corner of his mouth, and his eyes squeezed shut as he audibly choked, but he was not being restrained with any force, and Will could tell his struggle was entirely internal—Hannibal was forcing himself to remain still and let himself be used, just like Will had asked him to. And Will was so eager to see him coming apart.

Before long, they switched again, and the next man to take his ass gave it a slap. Will noticed a small swell of possessiveness inside him, but it couldn't sustain itself when the visual was so pleasant. He knew Hannibal could handle any discomfort with ease, but the humiliation of the offhand gesture could affect him more—and he took it, arching his back like he was greedy for it.

Will stopped them just long enough to get Hannibal to kneel on an oversized ottoman, giving him a break from any muscle strain. Once on it, he spread his legs beautifully, his neglected cock hanging hard beneath him.

After a few more shifts, Will took a turn at Hannibal's mouth, unable to resist seeing his face up close as he was being fucked dispassionately from behind. His lips were so red, wet and well-used, and his eyes fluttered weakly when Will said his name, sunken into a more submissive headspace. Will found his throat lax and welcoming, gag reflex worn out after extended battery, and it was deeply satisfying. He could feel the vibration of a grunt as Hannibal was jostled forward and further onto Will's cock by the man behind him. It sparked something almost cruel in him, wanting to hear Hannibal groaning much more loudly and desperately.

"Such a good slut for me, aren't you?" he said quietly, as if it was just the two of them there. "So eager to fill yourself up with cock and ruin your throat and ass. When I take a look back there, are you going to be gaping open like a loose whore?"

Hannibal shivered, nostrils flaring, and Will pulled out to give him a little slap with his cock. Hannibal kept his mouth open, ready to take him back in immediately, though his jaw must

have begun to ache. He looked wrecked already, taking the pounding with passive acceptance, and Will had to resist the violent urge to kiss him, to feel those swollen lips with his own and taste how sullied his mouth had become with the trace of all the men who'd used it.

Instead, he backed away. "Time for a change of position. Hannibal, get onto the sofa."

Hannibal walked unsteadily over to the sofa, though it wasn't far. He started to get onto it on his hands and knees, but Will grabbed him and pushed him backward, guiding him to recline over the armrest so his head hung upside down. This would give them a direct shot at his throat, with a much better view. Hannibal exhaled and lay limply where he was set, until someone spread his knees and sank into him. He moaned loudly, self-restraint long since worn away by the overstimulation. The head of his cock was shining with precum. It would be unusual for him to come without direct stimulation, but at this rate Will wouldn't have been surprised if he had.

Someone immediately took advantage of the new position to fuck Hannibal's throat as deep as possible, and Will could see his neck bulge with each thrust. He couldn't resist putting his hand on it as it rippled, the muscles in his throat contracting in a futile protest to this new position, then yielding to the force. He ran his fingers all the way down the roiling landscape until they hit upon the thin metal collar, which he stroked lovingly. It was a heady feeling to be reminded that this man was wholly under his command.

"Does it feel good having your throat used like that?" Will asked, voice so rough with lust it was almost unrecognizable. Hannibal obviously couldn't respond, but he reached out blindly until his hand found Will's cock, giving it a squeeze, and that seemed enough assurance of his enthusiasm.

The man fucking his mouth pulled out, and Will moved his hand so he had a clear shot. Cum spilled over Hannibal's throat and dotted his clavicle as he gasped for air. Then someone else came on his stomach, and watching his abs clench beneath the splash of cum was too much for Will. He grabbed Hannibal's wrist and pulled it away so he wouldn't come too soon.

"That's enough. Hannibal, get on your knees."

When he did, he took perfect form, just like they'd discussed. Knees spread slightly apart, hands clasped behind his back, face raised up as a target and lips parted. He kept his eyes fixed on Will until the first spurts of cum hit his chest and cheek, when his eyes fell shut in a slight flinch. Under ordinary circumstances, he would quickly wipe the mess from his own skin, as fastidious as a cat. But now he let the pearly white trails form and settle on his skin.

Once everyone had left their mark but Will, Hannibal looked a mess, cheeks flushed pink beneath the cum and his breath unsteady, cock still swollen and hard. The sight of him so debauched was enough to send Will over the edge, his cum landing on Hannibal's eyelashes, cheekbone, and lips. Hannibal's tongue darted out, unable to resist Will's taste, and he very quietly moaned.

Will wiped a trail of cum from his cheek to his mouth, and he eagerly licked and sucked it off Will's fingers.

“There you go. You’re just a cum-hungry slut, aren’t you?” Will ruffled spit-soaked fingers through his hair. “Now is that enough to satisfy you, or are you a greedy whore who needs more to get off?”

Hannibal’s jaw tightened, his eyes open, but lowered. He could say no to anything further in front of their guests, and Will would quickly dismiss everyone and proceed to aftercare, which could still involve more if Hannibal wanted it; if he said yes, he’d get off now, but at the expense of further humiliation.

Will wasn’t willing to place any bets on Hannibal tolerating much more, but he nodded and said in a ragged whisper, “More, please. Because I’m a greedy whore, sir.”

Arousal sparked inside him so brightly he was surprised it didn’t get him hard again, refractory period be damned. He pressed his bare foot forward against Hannibal’s erection, giving it a little rub, and watched Hannibal’s throat bob, likely realizing precisely what this would entail.

“Are you sure about that?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Then lie back.”

Hannibal did, and Will pressed his foot down on his cock. “Good. Now show us how a desperate slut gets off.”

Hannibal’s eyes were closed again, but he lifted his hips and rocked them, trying to rub against Will’s foot. Will helped him out, giving him plenty of pressure and rubbing in small strokes. Hannibal panted, his head thrown back and his muscles rippling uneasily. Quiet noises came from his throat in frustration. It wasn’t nearly as satisfying as a handjob would have been, Will knew—but it was plenty humiliating, reduced to being only touched by a foot and having to hump against it get off. As if he wasn’t worth Will’s hand.

Finally, he arched off the floor and came with an exhausted groan, cum splashing over his stomach with the rest of it.

Once Will helped him to his feet and eased him back onto the sofa, he politely dismissed the rest of the room.

Will finally drew him into a kiss, though well aware of where exactly his mouth had just been. “You were amazing,” he said quietly. “So *damn hot* seeing you submit to all of that. For me.”

Hannibal watched him intently, looking almost as awed as Will felt. “For you,” he said in a rasping voice. His lips twitched. “And for my curiosity.”

“You and your damned curiosity,” Will said, but he was smiling. “And how did your curiosity fare for you? Did you like being a good slut for me?”

A slight shudder ran through him. “Yes. A novel feeling, and overwhelming, but certainly not unpleasant. And I took pleasure from how much you enjoyed yourself.”

“Saying I *enjoyed* it is putting it mildly. If I was any younger I’d still be hard.” Hannibal looked a bit smug about that. “Though if I was, I’d want to take you again now just to reclaim you as mine.”

“I’m still as much yours as I ever was. Though if you did wish to ravage me to prove it, even now, I would let you.” The way his eyes twinkled, it seemed almost like a dare.

Will huffed and gave Hannibal’s reddened lips a sharp bite in warning. “Don’t tempt me. I might not be ready to fuck you myself, but there are plenty of toys upstairs that I could use until you’re begging for mercy. Or are you just that insatiable?”

“When it comes to you, Will—always.”

End Notes

You can find me on tumblr at ethicsbecomeaesthetics.

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